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THE DUBLIN MEETING.

It is a glowing day towards the close of August. We are in one of the quadrangles of an ancient university, which is shewing an unusual bustle for the season. Wheeled vehicles are driving out and in; ladies and gentlemen are moving about; things in general wear a holiday aspect. Yet there is something of thinking concerned also, for many of the gentlemen, as they move along, are perusing printed papers. It is the British Association for the Advancement of Science, met in Trinity College, Dublin. Here are scientific and literary men from England, from the continent, from America, assembled together in social congress, with a much larger number of the like sort of men belonging to Ireland, to read papers and hold discussions, and to indulge in the pleasure of seeing each other in the body. They meet under the temporary presidency of the Rev. Humphrey Lloyd, and with the friendly countenance of the Queen's vicegerent, the Earl of Carlisle. The halls of a beautiful new building belonging to the College, are devoted to the seven or eight sections into which the Association is divided; and there will the sections meet accordingly each forenoon for a week to come. There is a lively forenoonousness of the pleasant excitements of the week on almost every face one meets.

This said British Association must not be supposed to be one thing. It is many things put together. Going into the house of meeting, we see placards directing us to Section A, Astronomy and General Physics; Section B, Chemistry; Section C, Geology; Section D, Natural History; Section E, Geography and Ethnography; Section F, Statistics; and Section G, Mechanics; and we soon find how peculiar is each of these establishments. In Section A, you see a handful of hard-headed geometrical sort of men, entirely absorbed in co-ordinates and co-efficients, and who 'fit audience find, though few.' They might be plotting treason; for nobody ever heeds or hears a word of anything they do. Now and then, a couple of ladies may be seen in the benches in front, hypocritically looking as if they understood the problems sketched on the black boards; we shall charitably suppose them to be the wives or daughters of the hard-headed gentlemen on the platform. Section B is also a mysterious little-heard-of section, of small audience, and few ladies. The smallest rooms are always assigned to these two sciences. Section C, on the other hand, has always a large room, its science being at once intelligible and controversial—ergo, attractive for the multitude. Two-thirds of the audience are ladies. The leading men on the platform, the readers and

commentators on papers, are a hearty kind of people, indulging much in beard and moustache, frank and loud of speech, roughly jocular, but good-humoured in discussion, and remarkable for never agreeing with one another about anything. A very strange science verily is theirs, for, while they are all the best friends in the world, it is evident that no one ever quite believes what another says, and that each man has to make up a system for himself. Section D is usually attended by a gentle innocent sort of men—rural clergymen of antique cut, young professors from new colleges, country gentlemen who take an interest in the wire-worm, along with a few anomalous enthusiasts from London; each deeply interested in something he has brought in a bottle, or which has been delineated in a large coloured drawing by one of his daughters, now hung on the walls. A dry generation on the whole is section D. In section E, you are apt to meet weather-beaten arctic voyagers, or desiccated eastern travellers, or odd, old-fashioned schoolmasters, with peculiar views as to the situation of the ancient Ecbatana and the route of the Ten Thousand Greeks; rather desperate, too, most of them, in controversy. Here also do the ladies much congregate, particularly when there is anything to be said about countries where missionaries are at work. In section F, you find the platform planted with political economists and actuaries, gentlemen deep in crime and sewage-water, promoters of philanthropic schemes for putting everybody under the care of somebody; not much believers in one another neither. They have usually a good audience, including a fair proportion of ladies, for they have the merit of never going beyond anybody's depth but their own. A good deal of wrangling amongst them occasionally, for, facts being the only thing they deal in, it follows that there is room for every imaginable conclusion. The men of section G are wholly engineers and machinists—it is not necessary to say any more about them. It is of some importance to remark that, apart from mere idle hangers-on, few men are ever seen in a section different from that which they usually haunt. Most people seem to marry their section at the beginning, and keep faithful to it.

During six days, for four hours each day, are papers read and discussed in these several sections; often on small matters and narrow questions, yet in general worthy both in subject and treatment, and really calculated to promote the several sciences concerned. It is true, nevertheless, to a certain extent, that the Association does not furnish a good opportunity for the bringing forward of papers of an elaborate nature. There is too much hurry and bustle to allow of the

required attention being given. A brief exposition of a subject, the more oral the better, and with illustrations hung on the wall, is what suits the occasion best. Let it not be supposed, however, that on this account the Association is a scene of trivialities. Even if we were to discount the proceedings of the sections altogether, we must remember there is a serious scientific work done by committees throughout the course of the year, and which, being reported to the general committee, takes its fitting place in the annual volume. There is certainly something interesting in the idea of so many little parliaments of the ingenious and thoughtful of the land sitting all at once under one roof, in deliberation on their several groups of subjects, trying to inform and to obtain information, and doing what in them lies to promote the apprehension of nature's truths by a community liable to be so much benefited by knowledge.

Such as it is, the Association furnishes the most delightful occupation for a week that any person of intelligent mind could anywhere obtain. As a mere holiday, it is unsurpassed. One rises in the morning with a pleasant curiosity about the proceedings of the day—to gratify which he must instantly walk to the Reception Room, where programmes are gratuitously distributed to all who list. Provided thus, and having also purchased the newspaper of the day, he hies home to breakfast. Or perhaps he attends one of the numberless morning-parties given by the gentlemen of the place, and there enjoys an hour of hurried but agreeable conversation among men whose acquaintance he is pleased to form. At ten, if he is an office-holder, it is time for him to go to the committee-room of his section, and assist in making needful arrangements. At the least, he is required at eleven to attend the meeting of the section. For several hours we shall suppose him enchained by the papers and discussions. About three, he is tolerably saturated with knowledge, and desires the relief of a pâté or a jelly, which the neighbouring confectioner affords. An hour of lounging, or making calls, or seeing the sights of the place, makes it time for him to dress for the evening. He dines at a table d'hôte, with forty or fifty savans of all nations, some of them men of the widest reputation. At half-past eight, there is an evening meeting of some sort, either a simple *conversazione*, or a lecture given by some eminent man on an interesting popular subject. So he is carried on to bedtime. So entirely is he thus engrossed, that, instead of there being time for ennui, one scarcely can snatch a moment to read newspapers or write a letter home. Thus it goes on day after day, till towards the close one rather wishes to be done with it and at rest.

At the Dublin meeting last month, where there were upwards of two thousand members, the liberal institutions of a large capital city insured that the evenings should be spent as agreeably as the mornings. There was first, on Wednesday, the general meeting in the Rotunda, to hear the president read his address. Then, on Thursday, there was a *conversazione* in the halls of the Royal Dublin Society, amidst beautiful objects of natural history, curious mechanical apparatus, and walls all eloquent with illustrations of science. In the same place, on Friday evening, Professor William Thomson of Glasgow, a young mathematician of distinguished attainments, gave an exposition of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, illustrating the subject with diagrams, apparatus, and experiments. The Royal Irish Academy—the chief scientific society in Ireland—gave a *conversazione* on Saturday, using for this purpose not only their own spacious museum rooms, but also the adjacent halls of the mayoral establishment, connected across a garden by canvas-covered passages. On Monday evening, there was another assemblage in the Museum of the Royal Dublin Society, to hear Dr Livingstone give an account of his

African travels. Being a long narrow room, it was remarkably ill adapted for the two lectures which were given in it; but this was an evil which there seemed to be no remedying, and we all felt that some disappointment might be put up with, where there was so much enjoyment. At all these *conversazioni* and lectures, there was a liberal provision of tea, coffee, and ices. There was not on this occasion a President's Dinner; but the want was more than supplied by the liberality of the lord-lieutenant, who on Tuesday evening entertained a hundred and forty select members, chiefly strangers, at dinner in Dublin Castle, and afterwards received the whole remainder of the Association—nineteen hundred ladies and gentlemen.

Dublin Castle! name associated with so many sad and strange affairs in our history—whence Elizabeth's officers went forth to meet the rebel O'Neill's, whither the notices came of universal rebellion and massacre, making lords-justices look pale in their council-room—where James took his last leave of state and power in the dominions no longer to be called his—the fortress which poor Emmett dreamed he could take, and so lost his young life. This centre of a rule so long hated as alien and antagonistic, is now only the scene of those pleasant vice-regal pageants which soothe the spirit of Ireland as the sole memorial of her former individuality. It may be described as a set of state-apartments, associated with one or two ancient Norman towers, and surrounded by high walls. There were, nevertheless, a few things to remind us of what English government has till recent times been in Ireland. It was almost startling to drive up to a banquet-hall amidst lines of troops; to ascend a staircase furnished like an armoury; and to be ushered into a drawing-room through sentries and military bands playing martial music. These, however, were but shadows of the past. When we looked to the things of the present, all was peace, hope, and happiness. There were the men whose destiny and whose duty it is to try to make this world a scene of improved joy to all their fellow-beings. Here was high rank and official dignity coming gracefully forward to render these men an homage from which itself derived fresh lustre. It was fortunate that on this occasion the representative of Majesty in Ireland should himself be a man of literary and statesmanlike gifts, about whose ability to appreciate the character of his guests there could be no manner of doubt. It appeared as if, during the short interval before dinner, the amiable viceroy had come into personal converse with nearly the whole of the company. The scene in the banquet-hall was most magnificent and beautiful—a superbly decorated room, containing a horseshoe table, adorned with piles of flowers, statuettes, and towering silver candlesticks. Not a single dish of meat or decanter of wine ever appeared upon it: these requisites came before the guests by a silent unobtrusive process, which it required some effort to analyse and understand. The company, after all, was the most interesting part of the entertainment. I will take it upon me to say that nine-tenths of the men present had been elevated to the social level at which they were now arrived, solely by their intellectual and moral gifts. In the case of some whose origin was known, the contrast between the natal circumstances and the present position was calculated to raise some most gratifying reflections. There was Whately, the amiable though eccentric prelate—there was Whewell, with his wonderful head that seems to know everything—there was the accomplished Rogers of Boston, a man who has subdued wildernesses to science in his own country, and now come to be the instructor of another—there was Bianconi of the 'cars,' a singular genius in useful enterprise, and one whose name will be historical in Ireland—there were the Abbé Moigno of Paris, Professor Faye of Christianity, Schlagentweit the Oriental traveller, D'Abbadie

the last explorer of the Nile—all men of high attainments and remarkable history. One gratifying feature of the evening was the sight of a group of the clergy of the unestablished church—men of profound learning and esteemed character—most fit in all respects to be here, but who we know would a few years ago have been admitted to no such place. In such little facts one reads the coming of an improved social spirit in a country heretofore singular for its divisions. The cheerful urbanity of the host was conspicuous through the whole evening, but particularly shone out at the last, when he rose and expressed his gratification that this hall, which had heretofore been wont to receive the great, the brave, and the fair, should have been destined, under his presidency, to entertain a company distinguished by qualities more admirable still, the cultivators of the bright fields of learning and science.

About all such things as the British Association, there is necessarily a considerable amount of formal ceremony and speech-making—all very right and proper, but sometimes a little tiresome. It is perhaps from a sense of the need of some relief from such dull and stately work, that there has arisen, in connection with the Association, a secret society of the most outrageously buffo character, which holds one meeting during the week under the name of the Red Lions. A new member of the Association, who hitherto has never dreamed of it as anything but a fraternity of calm-blooded philosophers, is taken to the large back-room of some hotel, and there ushered into a society who proceed to dine together on fare more substantial than elegant; after which there breaks out a tempest of drollery, in the form of enigmatical speeches and merry songs, such as makes his senses reel. The president is Lion-in-chief; all the company regard themselves as brother-lions, and whenever a toast has been drunk, the whole company fall a roaring and growling in the manner of the feline compartment of a menagerie. There is nothing more in the whole matter than this; yet it is surprising through what a variety of quaint metaphor and joke the Red Lion idea can be carried in the course of an evening among men, nearly all of whom are possessed of lively and versatile talents. There are of course a few who greatly outshine the rest in the power of turning out this idea in new and comic shapes; such become presidents and croupiers. But the serviceableness of even those whose part, like Bottom's, is nothing but roaring, is not to be despised. It is perhaps the greatest fun of all to see a quiet member of section F brought into such a scene, and gradually wakening to a sense of its pleasant absurdity—beginning towards the end actually to make jokes himself, and even perhaps to sing a song! The origin of all this is said to have been the accidental grouping of a set of men round the late Edward Forbes in a hotel styled the Red Lion, when the Association met at Birmingham in 1839. They found themselves so happy there, that they resolved to keep together as much as possible in subsequent meetings, thus forming a kind of club, though one of very loose texture, and adopting a name from their first place of meeting. While Edward Forbes lived, the fraternity had the benefit of his singular powers of pleasantry. He never failed at each meeting to bring from his pocket a set of droll verses turning upon some reigning scientific idea of the day, and which was sure to throw the whole party into convulsions of merriment. Alas, how much of innocent comicality, as well as graver talent and accomplishment, has been interred with the amiable, inimitable Edward Forbes!

Jocose hæc, as Logan of Restalrig said in his treasonous letters. Let us, before concluding this very superficial glance at the Dublin meeting, advert in a few words to a serious matter—the great improvement which our visit has shewn to us as distinguishing

the Ireland of the present day. The people are now, to all outward appearance, an industrious, well-clothed people, like their neighbours. Their towns wear an air of commercial activity; their fields exhibit an immensely advanced culture. The language of complaint has died down. Instead of that constant reference to something wanting on the part of England towards Ireland, which was formerly so conspicuous, one hears men congratulating themselves on the prosperity arising from its only true source, a self-relying spirit. It was particularly gratifying to visit the model national schools, and learn how triumphant a non-sectarian system of education has been over all its difficulties. It is now giving instruction to six hundred thousand scholars—a tenth of the whole community—while eighty thousand more are educated by a Protestant society. It will sound strange to English ears, but there is ample reason to believe that there is now less crime in Ireland than on the other side of the Channel. Mercantile morality has of late exhibited fewer blots. May we not, in part, ascribe this good result to the operation of the superior schooling which the Irish people have had during the last twenty-four years?

THE BENEFICENCE OF PAIN?

THE fidelity with which a favourite opinion may be maintained, or a favourite pursuit followed, quite irrespective of its importance, or of the disparaging estimate of others, has been too frequently illustrated for a fresh example to occasion much surprise. Numerous instances will readily occur to every reader's recollection of the zeal displayed by even men of acknowledged abilities in urging views that to their contemporaries or successors appeared whimsical or erroneous. Newton believed his theological speculations were of superior importance to the sublimest of his discoveries. Frederick the Great held the production of a certain number of insipid verses more satisfactory indications of genius than the ablest measure of diplomacy, or the glory of a hard-won battle. Goethe imagined that he had a better chance of future remembrance through his theory of colours, than from *Faust* or *Wilhelm Meister*. Political hobby-riders seem at all times to have abounded; and that the order is still in full vigour, fashionable clubs and pot-house parlours alike bear witness. In letters, we not unfrequently encounter a writer whose sole aim is to exalt an age or a character that mankind have hitherto been unanimous in regarding as base or cowardly. Hobby-riding, contrary to what we might perhaps at first sight expect, prevails extensively among the cultivators of science. The vastness and diversity of the study, the facility with which individual facts may be collected, and the natural bias of each observer towards independent generalisation, are among the causes that contribute to this result. Geology has often been taken advantage of as a favourite field for developing the crotchets of such timid observers as were alarmed at its progress. In astronomy, we need not seek a better example than that afforded by the recent controversy concerning the moon's rotation.

From the great degree in which a certain theory possesses the characteristics of its class,* we should have hesitated to notice it, had the author not informed his readers that the sole exception to its favourable reception, when first announced, appeared in the pages of this Journal.† We are, in consequence, induced to inquire whether, during the intervening ten years, such fresh light may have been

* *An Essay on the Beneficent Distribution of the Senses of Pain.* By G. A. Rowell, Honorary Member of the Ashmolean Society, &c. Oxford. 1857.

† *Vide* New Series of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, vol. viii. (1847).

thrown upon the subject as ought to affect our former verdict. We trust that we hardly need to express our perfect readiness should such be the case to retract any depreciatory criticism. To determine this matter with due impartiality, we shall consider our author's views in greater detail than before; and hope in doing so to preserve that becoming air of judicial gravity which some of his illustrations are occasionally calculated to upset.

Mr Rowell contends for the existence of a special sense of pain, just as there is a special sense of sight or hearing, which, 'instead of being an infliction, is one of the most important senses we possess.' He further asserts that man is above all other beings most largely endowed with this sense; the lower animals having it in a less degree, and that only in its protective character: indeed, many of them do not possess it at all. The higher susceptibility of man is ascribed to his peculiar liability to injury from those various destructive agents which his superior intelligence has enabled him to discover. Without such protection as a sense of pain affords, our author assures us that our life would be constantly endangered. There are undoubtedly certain conditions of life during which such an apprehension may with justice be entertained, but men are not all either children or fools. On this reasoning, we presume we should be always pulling out our teeth, getting rid of our eyes, amputating our limbs—all considerations of utility in these organs being insufficient to insure their safety. Moreover, continues Mr Rowell, since nature has not provided man with any covering, he would inevitably perish from exposure in cold, or from heat in warm climates, unless the sense of pain forced him to the use of clothing. We certainly agree with our author in thinking that 'no instrument would suffice for this purpose,' and believe that even 'the thermometer would be comparatively useless.'

Mr Rowell urges that pain is beneficial as an indication of disease. It is by no means a sure indication, however, as might be proved in a variety of ways. Let us take an example from the familiar instance of hysterical pain. Patients thus affected may for many years complain of excessive pain, which is in truth nothing more than disordered sensation in the part, and unattended with the slightest vestige of disease. Again, considerable pain may be present without its directly indicating the seat of disease; thus, in spinal affections, patients invariably refer to some other part, while in inflammation of certain joints, the surgeon's attention is not drawn to the one affected, but to its neighbour. When Mr Rowell declares that the sensibility of certain internal structures is less acute than that of the skin, he is quite correct; but he errs in overlooking the important difference which exists between the slender capacity for sensation of an organ in health, and its extreme sensitiveness in disease. No pain is more intense than that attending inflammatory action in the eye, and other deep-seated textures. Indeed, according to so excellent a pathological authority as Dr Alison, the pain of certain internal diseases is of itself frequently fatal. Further proof of the correctness of our proposition is afforded in the fact that, in the severest surgical operations, the mortality, which, previous to the introduction of chloroform, was as high as one in two, is now reduced to one in four.

We shall next consider Mr Rowell's view of pain in the lower animals, among whom, it will be borne in mind, the sense, according to him, is only partially developed; and here we must notice an ingenious peculiarity in his reasoning, very favourable to an evasion of troublesome facts. He has a special test, as well as a special sense, the application of both being almost universal. The special test is that of beneficence; through it every fact in the economy

of life is viewed and arranged. He informs us, that appalled with the amount of destruction incessantly occurring in the different departments of animated nature, he was forced to assume that the process was painless; hence his sensitiveness is never uncomfortably agitated upon seeing a horse flogged, a hare shot, or an ox felled. This agreeable theory is supported by several plausible illustrations, one of which is as follows: 'Frogs appear to have but little sense of pain, and it is in accordance with the merciful designs of Providence that this should be the case; for of all deaths, that of the frog, when swallowed by a snake, seems the most horrible, if these creatures are susceptible of pain.' This insensibility is assumed from the fact that their cries cease after capture by their formidable foes; but surely the state of intense terror into which they must be thrown, affords a natural and simple explanation of this silence. The following view regarding the fate and sufferings of pigs is too original to be omitted. 'Pigs,' says Mr Rowell, 'make a sad outcry when being killed; but I believe it is caused by fear, and the uncomfortable way in which they are held, rather than by pain.' A little further on, we are assured that, 'if stuck skilfully, without taking hold of them, there is no more noise than a mere grunt or squeak, about the same as there would be if the pig had a slight blow with the end of a stick.' Horses that have been seen to eat heartily after severe accidents, rabbits and hares that exhibited after being shot no more remarkable sign of pain than running away at their greatest speed, are not to us very striking proofs of what Mr Rowell wishes to establish. Nor is our faith in his opinions much fortified by introducing in their support that instinct whereby certain animals are led to destroy such of their number as are disabled from illness or old age. This instinct, he argues, would not exist, as contrary to the beneficent arrangement of things, unless its fulfilment were a perfectly painless process; indeed, regarding it from any point of view, our author holds it a merciful provision for alleviating by a speedy death the wretched condition of animals unable to assist themselves. This reasoning strikes us as marvellously similar to that pursued by those African tribes who habitually destroy their infirm or imbecile relatives.

The comprehensive adaptation of his theory which Mr Rowell attempts, leads him occasionally to suggest opinions regarding animals that give a humour to his essay, not the less appreciable from its complete unconsciousness. Besides including such animals as shrimps, oysters, prawns, whose utility, apart from any special beneficence they represent, admits of demonstration, he claims a special function for a class of animals that have never before been held elegant or useful. What purpose does the reader suppose bugs were created for? Mr Rowell assures us that a bug contributes more to the general health of the community than all the sanitary measures ever devised by parliamentary wisdom. And how? Just because an apprehension of the presence of the insect causes thousands of bedsteads to be taken down, that would otherwise—repudiate the ungenerous insinuation, all good housewives!—be allowed to harbour dust the whole year round. We are also told to regard the presence of fleas on dogs in a similar light, since dogs would otherwise be sure to neglect the scratching and biting necessary for their soundness of health. There is a little animal even more offensive than a flea which obtains honourable mention on like grounds. We must give one more illustration of the importance of parasites, and we shall take it from the occupant of another element. We believe that the following allusion to a whale represents the mighty animal in a position that will be novel to the most imaginative reader. The whale is introduced to us at 'its toilet, scraping itself clean against the edge of a rock or

iceberg,' to get rid of its tiny attendants. Mr Rowell does not scruple to insinuate that the monster, if let alone, would remain shamefully indifferent to those sanitary measures so much talked of above water. We are not to suppose, however, that our author's opinions all at once attained to their present stability; for he acknowledges to have been, at the commencement of his inquiries, occasionally puzzled to explain the benevolent purpose which the creation of certain animals was intended to serve. The use of venomous serpents was for a long time very perplexing; but at length it occurred to him that their function might be to arrest the increase of the larger carnivora (a view unsupported, so far as we know, by naturalists), and since, of course, the victims encountered their fate without pain, the view was accepted.

Our readers will have gathered by this time that we find no reason to modify our former estimate of Mr Rowell's theory, and are rather inclined to class the latter among the hobbies. Although he protests against any such inference, we believe the result of its adoption would be to increase the already too great amount of cruelty in the world, make hackney-coachmen more hard-hearted, encourage wicked boys given to plunder nests, and generally justify other unmanly pursuits. As for the *proof* that animals feel pain, we advise Mr Rowell to look out for that himself. Let him only tread on the cat's tail, and inquire whether the startling scream with which she bursts away is in commendation of his pleasantry; let him watch the proceedings of a dog whose leg has been hurt by a missile, and try to ascertain whether the wild yells of the creature as he limps off are expressive of self-gratulation. It is not impossible that the lower we descend in the scale of animal organism, the less sensitiveness we may find either to pain or pleasure; but wherever we meet with a nervous system like our own, we are bound, by all the analogies of life, to ascribe to it the same uses. As to the religious part of the question, there are, of course, difficulties, but none that are insuperable to *humility*. We prefer viewing the operations of divine beneficence, as they are actually represented, rather than through such vague theories as Mr Rowell's.

KIRKE WEBBE, THE PRIVATEER CAPTAIN.

CHAPTER IX.

'MONSIEUR SICARD is an original,' I remarked, as the sounds of struggle and expostulation died away in the distance; 'but he appears to be thoroughly in earnest. If, moreover, he speaks sooth, your model maiden would seem to be little better than a capricious flirt.'

'Jacques Sicard is certainly in most profound earnest,' said Webbe; 'but being in both love and liquor, can scarcely be expected to speak sooth, as you phrase it. Supposing, however, that he has by accident told the exact truth, it just amounts to this—that, coerced by Madame de Bonneville, of whom, as I have informed you, she stands in extreme awe, Clémence has been civil to the enamoured bootmaker.'

'And that you have filled her young head with dreams of riches and grandeur, with visions of *châteaux en Espagne*, that have no better foundation than vague surmise, the evanishing whereof may, nevertheless, darken her future life.'

'If you go on in that spooney, sentimental fashion, Linwood, I shall begin to think Sicard must have bitten you unawares. I have suggested no dream to Clémence that may not be realised, including the sublime one of becoming in the fulness of time Mrs William Linwood—a magnificent possibility, which, by the by, I have never more than incidentally glanced at, when conversing with her. It is, besides, consoling

to reflect that, failing that, which I can't believe she will, there are lesser heavens that may suffice for the modest felicity of Mrs Waller's recovered daughter—of Anthony Waller of Cavendish Square's assured heiress.'

'A few grains of common-sense would be an improvement to that heap of chaff, Mr Webbe.'

'That which you are pleased to call chaff is common-sense, my dear fellow, if somewhat chaffingly expressed. A more acceptable variety of the article to your taste may, however, be set forth in the printed handbill to which I was calling your attention when that boot-making buzzard broke in upon us. Mrs Waller, you must understand, would persist, spite of all evidence to the contrary, in believing that her child might have been stolen, abducted, instead of drowned, and this was one of the advertisements issued to humour her fancy. I found it, by mere chance, the other day, amongst some old papers. It offers, you observe, five hundred pounds' reward for the recovery of the child, and contains a description of the little Lucy's person, and the dress and ornaments she wore on the day of her disappearance.'

'This is indeed a valuable document,' I exclaimed, after glancing over the handbill; 'not on account of its description of the child's person—"fair complexion, blue eyes, light hair"—which would apply to thousands of children, but for the list of articles worn by the little girl, and which, as you suggest, may have been preserved by Louise Féron for an ulterior, if now abandoned purpose. "A necklace composed of five rows of seed-pearls; attached thereto a gold Maltese cross, set with pearls, and having the letter L engraved on the back. Two sleeve-loops of seed-pearls; pale-blue silk frock—morocco shoes of the same colour"—Ha! here also the indelible mark you have spoken of is alluded to—not described: "The child has a natural mark difficult to discover if sought for, which will always be decisive of her identity, and may at any moment bring about the detection and punishment of the person or persons who, after this notice, shall conceal or assist in concealing and withholding the child from her parents."'

'You informed me, Captain Webbe,' I remarked, 'that Louise Féron had charge of Mrs Waller's child for several months: she must, therefore, one would suppose, be cognizant of this mysterious mark—a knowledge which, it occurs to me, would do away with any motive she would otherwise have had to preserve proofs of the child's identity—especially proofs which, traced to her possession, would fatally compromise herself.'

'One would, as you say,' replied Webbe, 'suppose that Louise Féron must be cognizant of the said indelible mark; and yet, I am confident, from the covert inquiries she, to my knowledge, set on foot relative thereto, previous to her safer course of action being finally resolved upon, that she is as ignorant in the matter as you or I. I repeat that I am morally certain some, at least, of the articles enumerated in the handbill have been preserved, and may be obtained possession of by Clémence, with the connivance of Fanchette—a purchasable connivance, as I have before intimated, provided always that no harm shall possibly accrue therefrom to her darling Clémence.'

'What harm could therefrom possibly accrue to her darling Clémence?'

'Ruinous harm—harm without remedy would befall Clémence, should you refuse to carry out the honourable understanding, by means of which can alone be accomplished the great object we have both in view. And now, young man,' continued Webbe, with assumed sternness, 'let us, once for all, thoroughly comprehend each other. We are on the immediate threshold of an undertaking for the success of which I have ventured much, and resolutely. One false step now would be

fatal, irremediable. We must walk, therefore, warily, as well as boldly; with a clear perception of the course to be taken, and whither that course will lead. I have apprised you that Clémence is under the absolute domination of her supposed mother: I mean, that Lucy Hamblin has been drilled, disciplined, into habitual fear of Louise Féron; and nothing, be sure of it, but a sentiment stronger than that habitual fear will enable her, when the decisive moment comes, to do that which will give Louise Féron mortal offence. Clémence, you must be aware, cannot remain in St Malo after placing in your hands the proofs of her supposed mother's crime, and of your father's innocence. If she did remain here, what do you suppose would follow the discovery of the poor girl's treachery, as Louise Féron would call it? Simply the immediate disappearance of the so-called mother and daughter; and of what value, let me ask, would your dearly obtained proofs then be? It would, of course, be said that your father had placed them in your hands; and a very silly, transparent trick on his part the wise world would pronounce it to be. Yes, Clémence—no relative of yours, remember—must flee with you; but no assurance, however solemn, that she would be welcomed with joy by a parent she has never seen—whom she does not remember, I mean, to have ever seen—will induce her to take that decisive, compromising step: of that be perfectly assured. The prospect before her would be too vague, too undefined, too shadowy. It would, however, be quite another affair to elope with a betrothed lover, or as she, I have little doubt, will peremptorily insist, with a husband, and the ceremony can be quite as easily managed here as in Jersey. I have, as Jacques Sicard's ravings prove, successfully prepared the way for that consummation. Clémence—than whom a more charming, amiable girl does not exist—knows who you are; has heard the story, with variations, of your *Scout* Quixotism; knows and honours the motives that have prompted the noble temerity of your present enterprise; believes also that a portrait of her sweet self, missed by Madame de Bonneville soon after I left St Malo's, and which I have unfortunately lost or mislaid, has in some degree influenced your adventurous—

The entrance of a waiter interrupted Mr Webbe. 'A note,' said the grizzled garçon, 'for Monsieur Jacques Le Gros, from the Sieur Delisle, *courtier maritime*, whose messenger waits for the answer.'

'Very well. Tell him he will not have to wait long.'

The note appeared to both disconcert and excite Captain Webbe. A brief one—not more than a dozen lines, I could not help observing, as he threw it upon the table with an affectation somewhat overdone, it seemed to me, of ill-humour.

'I cannot yet,' he exclaimed, 'wash my hands, as I hoped to do, of these rascally dodges. Pope was right: the devil, taught wisdom by his failure with the man of Uz, tempts now by enriching, instead of ruining men: by lying promises to enrich, more properly—judging from my own experience hitherto—fiend, like fairy money, having, I have found, an uncontrollable propensity to make unto itself wings and flee away. My return to Virtue must, it is evident, be postponed for a while; and it may be that this positively the last infraction, on my part, of the laws of national morality, will enable one of the most interesting, in my poor judgment, of Virtue's vagrant sons to take something home with him that will considerably enhance the warmth of his welcome.'

'All that is Greek to me, Mr Webbe, except that it has the sound of a swaggering defence of something you are really very much ashamed of.'

'A wiser man might have made a sillier guess,' retorted Webbe. 'I must forego the pleasure of your

company for the remainder of the evening,' he added, as he buttoned up his coat and put on his hat and gloves. 'Delisle, the ship-broker, is anxious to introduce his friend Captain Renaudin to one Mr Tyler, an American gentleman and shipowner, who is desirous of ascertaining the course a richly laden bark, hailing from New Orleans, should steer in order to safely reach one of the French northern ports—Havre de Grace, if possible; and it is said Delisle's opinion, which I freely endorse, that Captain Renaudin can insure the arrival of Mr Tyler's ship at her destination with greater certainty than any other man he is acquainted with.'

'Monsieur Delisle is, then, one of the few persons in St Malo who knows you as Captain Renaudin, of *L'Espégle*.'

'Yes. *L'Espégle* has never been at St Malo, and Captain Renaudin only once before; when he came on a business visit to Monsieur Delisle, and chanced to run against, and find his disguise pierced through by the spitefire eyes of that Jezebel, Louise Féron. Good-night. I shall see you early in the morning.'

So saying, the privateer captain left me to the society of my own thoughts. I might have had pleasanter company. Whatever else appeared doubtful, it was abundantly manifest that I was a mere puppet in the hands of a reckless, unprincipled man, who, avowedly for his own interested purposes, had led me into dark and tangled paths whence there might be no issue, save through the portals of disgrace, of ruin, of death quite possibly! His insistence that I must, and forthwith, marry Lucy Hamblin—if Lucy Hamblin, Mademoiselle Clémence proved to be—at once perplexed and irritated me. What could be his motive for persisting in that outrageous proposition? The bare idea of marriage with a girl I had not seen, and who, it seemed, was so eager to unite herself with an utter stranger, revolted, disgusted me! Maria Wilson's romantic notion of the heroic qualities desirable in a husband, which to me, familiar with the seamy side of the heroism that had caught her fancy, appeared so extravagantly absurd, contrasted brilliantly with the sordid marrying motives of this much vaunted demoiselle Clémence. Attractive—handsome she might be—her eyes, hair, complexion required, I was told, the same adjectives to describe them as did Miss Wilson's; but the pure soft-light which diffused so inexpressibly pensive a charm over the countenance of the Jersey maiden, must, I was sure, be utterly wanting to the feature-comeliness of a damsel who could coquet with a conceited, vulgar snob; and, a supposedly favourable chance occurring, throw herself at the head of a wealthier swain, not at all covetous of, or flattered by her preference! Perhaps, however, Webbe had misrepresented her sentiments, as he did most things. I should see and judge for myself before condemning her. That were but equitable, more especially if she really was the long-lost Lucy Hamblin. My doubts upon that all-important point had not been vanquished by Webbe's hectoring assertion that such doubts were absurd, ridiculous—very far, indeed, from being vanquished by that bold talk. My grandame, Mrs Margaret Linwood, a shrewd observer, had suspected Webbe to have been all along confederate with Louise Féron. If that conjecture was well founded, the proofs indicated by the printed handbill, which had turned up at so remarkably opportune a moment, and alleged to be only obtainable by such preposterous expedients, might be mere devices for imposing a supposititious daughter upon rich Mrs Waller—a wife, who certainly would not be supposititious, upon William Linwood, the heir to at least his grandmother's wealth!

The indelible natural mark—that ineffaceable clue which was to guide us safely through any labyrinth of deceit that cupidity and imposture could invent, I strongly suspected to be a myth. Mrs Margaret

Linwood had, however, promised, that if she could, without danger of exciting chimerical hopes in the shaken mind of Mrs Waller, arrive at a knowledge of what that mysterious mark might be, she would forward me the important information without delay, through Mrs Webbe, under cover to that lady's husband, as arranged by the captain before he left the Wight. Should she do so in time, and Mademoiselle Clémence be thereby identified, beyond cavil, as Lucy Hamblin, what insuperable difficulty could there be in persuading the aspiring damsel to forsake a mean dwelling in the Rue Dupetit Thouars, St Malo—and the vile woman that had stolen her—for a wealthy home in Cavendish Square, London, and her own true, unforgetting, loving mother, without encumbering herself with a hobble-de-hoy husband, tricked off in bright yellow pants, puce-red redingote, blue vest, round earrings, and hair à la Brutus. Hair à la Brutus, by the way, was hair tortured to stand upward and outward, so as to form a rim for the hat to rest upon; and nicely graduated downward to the nape of the neck. I remember à la Brutus well; and the nervous shudder—as from a paroxysm of hydrophobia—which ran through me whenever I encountered my variegated image in the pellucid surface of a mirror. It was, at all events, impossible that the harlequin figure reflected there could excite an interest in the young lady's mind subversive of her future peace. I might be civil to the most susceptible of maidens without the remotest danger of acquiring an embarrassing hold of her affections. That was something—nay, it was much! Clémence would repudiate marriage as determinedly as myself—

At about this point of the maundering soliloquy, which might else have droned on till daylight, I discovered that the fire and decanter were both out; and forthwith crept, cold and comfortless, to bed.

I did not see Webbe till near noon on the following day. He came direct from Madame de Bonneville's, and invited me to immediately accompany him thither.

'The bootmaker's bristles,' said Webbe, 'have, I find, been smoothed down by Fanchette's assurance that Messieurs Le Gros will remain but a very short time in St Malo, and that the refusal of Mademoiselle Clémence to accompany him to the theatre, was solely prompted by a suddenly recovering sense of the impropriety of accepting his escort to a place of public entertainment during Madame de Bonneville's absence from home. We are consequently safe from the shoemaker, which is as well, inasmuch, that albeit a goose's cackle saved the Roman Capitol, it might exert a less salutary action anent the safety of Captain Jules Renaudin, and aliases too numerous to mention. The feeling of decorum, intimated to Jacques Sicard, will also cause the ceremonious dinner, to which we were invited, to be dispensed with, and we shall drop in at the magasin for a gossip now and then, *par hasard*, as it were.'

'That will be quite as well. Your pattern protégée is, it seems, apt at expedients.'

'The desirableness of pacifying Jacques Sicard was my suggestion; the manner thereof, Fanchette's. But come; Mademoiselle Clémence awaits with natural impatience her introduction to the chivalrous knight who comes to rescue her from Madame de Bonneville and the bootmaker.'

'Well, my ingenuous young friend,' exclaimed Captain Webbe on the evening of the same day, as he drew his chair towards the roaring wood-fire before which I was seated. He had left me, I should explain, with Clémence and Fanchette, after a few formal words of introduction, and had been since engaged on business matters with his friend Delisle and the American shipowner. 'Well, my ingenuous young friend, what think you now of my pattern protégée? I hardly

need ask,' he added. 'There is a flush on William Linwood's cheek, a light in his eye, that are not, I dare wager large odds, caused by the fire-blaze, or by the wine he has drunk.'

'Mademoiselle Clémence is a charming girl,' I replied. 'Honest, truthful too, or I strangely deceive myself.'

'Whoever has looked upon her, or heard her speak,' said Webbe, 'must unhesitatingly endorse that eulogium. And her person—what is your opinion of that; of the characteristics of her person, I mean? English, Saxon, you cannot doubt?'

'I should altogether doubt it, were it not evident from a few words that escaped her, that she believes herself to be an English girl, and the daughter of Mrs Waller. True, the young lady has blue eyes, a fair skin, brown hair; but, for all that, a more thoroughly French, or at least foreign, maiden I cannot imagine. An English girl of her age and class in society, introduced to a stranger under such peculiar, and, it must be admitted, embarrassing circumstances, would have been all bashfulness and blushes; whereas Clémence was impassive as a statue, comported herself with the most perfect propriety, and an *aplomb*, a *savoir-faire*, that in an English maiden would be effrontery, brazen-facedness—simply, I imagine, because in her case it would be assumed, and awkwardly, for an evident purpose.'

'*Mauvaise honte*, which you call bashfulness, is not tolerated in any class of French society.'

'So I comprehend. Her French education has, at all events, thoroughly Frenchified Lucy Hamblin, as I verily believe her to be, so deeply has the truthfulness of Mademoiselle Clémence impressed me. Fancy, now,' I added, 'as I could not help fancying all the time our interview lasted, Maria Wilson in the same position as Clémence; fancy the changing colour—the downcast, suffused eyes—the tremulous speech of that genuine English girl, and'—

'Fudge about fancy and Maria Wilson!' interrupted Webbe. 'What just comparison can be instituted between that namby-pamby wench and a girl of sense and spirit like Clémence?'

'A very curious comparison, Mr Webbe; or, more correctly, a strikingly illustrative contrast is suggested by'—

'Fudge! Twaddle!' again broke in Webbe, with marked asperity. 'Let us, in the name of all saints, talk of something more interesting than Maria Wilsons. You, Linwood,' he added, with quick transition to a more *suave* tone—'you, Linwood, have seen and conversed with Clémence. You admire—you believe in her! That is sufficient. The rest will come as surely as shadow follows substance. When shall you see her again?'

'To-morrow afternoon, when we shall exchange confidences. I am already "*mon ami*" with the frank-spoken, and, I have no manner of doubt, frank-hearted damsel.'

'Excellent! Still, be on your guard, Linwood: we must have evidence clear as proof from holy writ that your wife is the true Lucy Hamblin.'

'Fudge about wife, say I, in humble imitation of Mr Webbe, who'—

'You will find marriage to be an indispensable element of success,' interrupted Webbe, with renewed asperity. 'In fact, it is only on that condition that I will render any further aid in the business. Unscrupulous as I may be in many respects, I will not have the ruin of that young girl's character and peace of mind upon my conscience.'

'Character! Conscience!' I mentally exclaimed. 'Strange words from the lips of Mr Webbe; not meaningless, however, I am quite sure. Significant, too—though of what I cannot as yet comprehend—must be the privateer captain's querulous insistence upon

marrying me, out of hand, to Mademoiselle Clémence! I must quietly, dissemblingly, await the solution of that riddle.'

'Well, well,' I said aloud, 'your conscience will not, I dare say, have to bear any very heavy load of my laying on. And there is one thing, Mr Webbe,' I added with vehemence, 'which I will not bear for another hour of daylight, and that is, these abominable *Pas de Calais* pantaloons. If hair à la Brutus, earrings, and a puce-red redingote are not sufficient disguise for an Englishman, Auguste Le Moine must do his best and worst, for draw on again these yellow inexpressibles, I will not, come what come may.'

The captain's good-humour was restored at once; he laughed heartily, genially, and for the remainder of the evening, overflowed with jocund spirits. I silently scored myself a chalk, and had, I think, a right to do so.

The reader must not suppose, from my description of Mademoiselle Clémence, that she was a bold or forward maiden; on the contrary, she was a remarkably modest-mannered damsel; but it was the modesty of principle, of education, rather than that of nature or instinct, so to speak. In other words, she was a well-bred French girl; modest, but by no means bashful; self-possessed, not shy. Very pretty, too, was Mademoiselle Clémence; of most winning, graceful manners; and there was a caressing tenderness in her gentle, truthful voice, that was inexpressibly attractive. I was greatly taken with her, though not at all in the sense which Webbe supposed. In truth, much as I soon came to admire, esteem, ay, and to love Clémence, she was about the last person in the world I should have sought for a wife. I felt towards her as a brother would for an endearing, pure-hearted sister; and I often caught myself mentally comparing the calm, tranquil affection which so grew upon me for the gentle, confiding Clémence, with the passionate emotion that, circumstances favouring, would be inspired by such a person as Maria Wilson, to whom, oddly enough—as I had seen her but once—my thoughts, when engaged by such reflections, persistently reverted.

Clémence was alone, as she had promised to be, when I called according to appointment; and entering at once with the most perfect frankness upon the subject uppermost in both our minds, I was dismayed to find that the only proofs she could afford me of being the child of Madame Waller were a dim, fading recollection that she had once lived in a strange country, amongst strange people—some fragmentary hints, that had fallen from Madame de Bonneville, and Captain Webbe's confident and confidential assertions, upon which Mademoiselle Clémence placed implicit reliance.

Nothing, positively nothing more in the way of evidence, could I elicit; and I was fast making up my mind that Webbe had bamboozled himself as well as others, when it occurred to me that it would be well to shew Clémence the printed bill given me by the captain: I did so, and doubt, uncertainty was at an end.

'O, mon Dieu!' exclaimed Clémence, who read English very well, 'I have seen these things, and lately too.'

'How—when—where?'

'In the *armoire* up stairs, about a month since, when mamma—a very imperfect rendering of *maman*—when mamma was absent in the island of Guernsey.'

'Tell me about it, dear Clémence—all about it, to the minutest detail.'

'It is very simple, mon ami. Mamma is, you know, very strict, severe even, with me; and yet I love her!' exclaimed Clémence, impulsively diverging from the all-important topic; 'and it will be a bitter grief for me if—if— Ah,' she continued disjointedly, 'I remember how kind, loving she was when fever attacked me, and I should, but for her, have died. It would be ungrateful of me, then—nay, unnatural,

even supposing she is not my own real mother—if I did not love her—would it not?'

'Yes, yes. But pray, speak of your finding the articles mentioned in this printed bill.'

'Willingly, mon ami. When mamma was absent in Guernsey, as I said, Fanchette asked me one day what had become of my turquoise brooch—this which I now wear. I said mamma had not given it to me when she left; but Fanchette was certain she had seen me wear it twice since then; and where, therefore, could it be? We were both terribly frightened, for mamma attached a great value to the brooch, and if it had been lost, would have punished me severely. Well, we searched everywhere for the brooch—vainly searched: it could not be found. Poor Fanchette was greatly distressed, and tried to believe I was right in thinking mamma had not given it to me when she left St Malo. Could we only be sure of that, our minds would of course be at rest. But how make sure of it? The *armoire* where mamma kept all her valuables was locked; there was no key that would fit it, and we were in despair, for mamma was expected every day. Suddenly, Fanchette rushed into my chamber one morning before I was up. She had found a key that would fit the *armoire* lock, and directly I was dressed, we would make a search, and satisfy ourselves. We did so, carefully replacing each article as we found it. Presently, we came to a neatly folded and tied-up parcel, which I opened, and found therein not only the missing brooch, but a necklace made of rows of seed-pearls, with a gold pearl-set cross attached; other twisted rows of seed-pearls, which, no doubt, were the sleeve-loops mentioned here; a faded blue silk frock, shoes of the same colour, and a child's tiny underclothing. My heart swelled with emotion as I gazed,' continued Clémence; 'for it occurred to me that those were precious memorials of a sister who died young, and whom mamma often said, when she was angry, she had loved much better than she did me. But the brooch was found,' she added, hastily brushing away her fast-falling tears, 'and we, Fanchette and I, were happy.'

'And those precious proofs are still, you say, locked up in an *armoire* of which Fanchette has a key?'

'O yes, I am quite sure of that. But how pale you look, and you tremble as with ague!'

'With joy, rapture, ecstasy, Clémence! Listen to me, dear girl, and you will comprehend why it is that this discovery, to which the finger of an overruling Providence guided you, so agitates, bewilders, well-nigh overpowers me.'

Clémence listened whilst I told her all—told her of the mother's maddening agony at the loss of her only child, of my hapless father's persecution, with the correlative circumstances already known to the reader. The narrative, as it proceeded, cruelly agitated the gentle maiden, her head sank upon my shoulder, and she wept aloud in the fulness of her pity, her grief, her love, her indignation, as these passions of the soul ruled her by turns.

Fanchette had helped the weeping girl to her chamber, and returned to where I sat, when I bethought me of the indelible mark hinted at in the advertisement. Fanchette was in our interest—heavily bribed to be so; and although I did not like the woman, I could speak to her with perfect confidence.

'Clémence has no natural mark that I know of,' said Fanchette in reply to my question.

'No mole or moles?'

'None—certainly none.'

'No stain of blood—no malformation of limb—no peculiar scar?'

'Nothing of the kind that I am aware of; and I should know if any such existed.'

'That is perplexing. You will tell Mademoiselle Clémence that I shall see her early to-morrow,' I added, as I rose to leave.

'I will, monsieur. Attendez,' added the woman, as if with sudden recollection. 'Yet no—that cannot be called a mark.'

'What do you speak of?'

'Nothing, I fear, monsieur, of any importance, though I may as well mention it. Clémence, some years ago, was reduced to a skeleton by fever, from which it was for a long time thought she would never recover. She was attended by Dr Poitevin, who, I heard one day tell Madame de Bonneville, that, by a curious freak of nature, her daughter Clémence had been born with one rib less on her right than on her left side. Surely that cannot be'—

'It can surely be,' I interrupted with a burst—'it must be the natural mark spoken of. Hurrah! Do not forget to tell dear Clémence that I shall call early to-morrow. Adieu.'

Singular coincidence of discovery and its confirmation! Webbe awaited my return to the Hôtel de l'Empire with a letter in his hand from Mrs Margaret Linwood; hastily opening which, I read: 'The indelible mark of Mrs Waller's child I have ascertained to be, that, by a strange caprice of nature, it was born with one rib less on the right than on the left side!'

THE DYAKS.

BY A PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE OF THEIRS.

The Dyaks live in communities of from ten or twenty to forty families, all of them residing in one house under the headship of one *tuah*, or elder, whose influence among them depends very much on his personal qualifications. The house in which each community lives is an edifice of from fifty to a hundred yards in length, and raised on posts eight or ten feet high. Its framework is constructed of posts lashed together with split rattans; while the roof and partitions are composed of *attaps*, a kind of thatch, so simple and useful as to merit a distinct description. It is made of the leaves of the Nipu, a palm which grows in the mud on the banks of the rivers, and differs from most other palms in having no trunk, being merely a collection of fronds proceeding from one root. Each frond consists of a stem or midrib, about twenty or thirty feet in length, on each side of which grow a series of leaves, two or three feet long, and two or three inches broad. To form *attaps*, the Dyaks cut off these leaves, and wind them over a stick a yard long, making them overlap each other, so as to become impervious to rain. They then sew or interlace them all firmly with split rattans; thus forming a sort of leaf-tile, at once strong and light, and well adapted for excluding both sun and rain. The house is divided longitudinally in the middle by a partition, on one side of which is a series of rooms, and on the other a kind of gallery or hall upon which the rooms open. In these rooms, each of which is inhabited by a distinct family, the married couples and children sleep; the young unmarried women sleep in an apartment over the room of their parents, and the young men in the gallery outside. In this gallery likewise, which serves as a common hall, their principal occupations are carried on; and here the planks of their war-boats, their large mats, and all their more bulky articles, are kept; and the grim trophies of their wars, the scorched and blackened heads of their enemies, are suspended in bundles. The floor is a kind of spar-work, composed of split palm-trunks, and raised ten or twelve feet from the ground, access being given to it by a ladder, or more frequently by a log of wood cut into the form of steps. Connected with the gallery, and running along the whole length of the house, there is a broad platform on the level of the floor, upon which the Dyaks spread out their rice after harvest, and other articles they wish to be dried in the sun.

Thus, a Dyak house is rather a singular structure; and when imbosomed, as it often is, among cocoanut, plantain, and other fruit-trees, forms a quietly pleasing and picturesque object, suggestive of much social happiness enjoyed in a simple state of society. It awakens, moreover, ideas of a higher kind, for it is a sign of the presence of all-subduing man on the confines of the jungle that is yet to fall before his axe.

The materials of which these edifices are constructed are so fragile that they require to be rebuilt every five or six years, and when this necessity occurs, the Dyaks, instead of erecting the new house in the immediate vicinity of the old one, generally remove to a considerable distance.

From the above description, it will be seen that a Dyak house may with more propriety be called a village, as it is the residence of a score or two of families who live in a series of rooms under one roof, and all of whom look up to one *tuah*, or elder, as their head. These houses are sometimes in groups of two or three, but more frequently they stand alone; and thus it happens that if the tribe is populous, it may be scattered over a very great extent of country.

Besides the *tuals*, there is another and superior class of chiefs called *orang kaya* (rich men), grave steady old men of good family, who, when young, have distinguished themselves by their courage; and who, in their riper years, are regarded as discreet judges in weighty matters of the law. Even the power of an *orang kaya*, however, is extremely limited. He has no actual authority over his followers, so as to compel them to do anything against their will; his superiority is shewn only in leading them to battle, and acting as a judge in conjunction with other chiefs. In other respects, the chiefs have scarcely any distinction. They work at their farms and their boats as hard as their own slaves; they wear the same dress, and live in the same manner as the rest of the community; their only token of chieftainship being the respect which is voluntarily accorded to their personal qualities, and the deference paid to their opinion. To an assembly of chiefs, all disputes are referred, and their decisions are given in accordance with their own customs, which, besides guiding the verdict, generally settle the penalty which shall be inflicted on the aggressor. Cases which, from want of evidence or from uncertainty of any kind, cannot be thus decided, are settled by an appeal to superior powers in an ordeal by diving.

When both parties in a dispute have agreed that it should be referred to the diving ordeal, preliminary meetings are held to determine the time, place, and circumstances of the match. On the evening of the day previous to that on which it is to be decided, each party stakes in the following manner a certain amount of property, which, in case of defeat, shall come into the possession of the victor. The various articles of the stake are brought out of the litigant's room, placed in the verandah of the house in which he lives, and are there covered up and secured. One man who acts as a kind of herald then rises, and in a long speech, asks the litigant whether he is conscious he is in the right, and trusts in the justice of his cause; to which the latter replies at equal length in the affirmative, and refers the matter to the decision of the spirits. Several more speeches and replies follow, and the ceremony concludes by an invocation of justice. In the meantime, the respondent deposits and secures his stake with like ceremonial in the verandah of his own house; and early in the morning, both parties, accompanied by their respective friends, repair to the bank of the river to decide the contest. Either party may appear by deputy, a privilege which is always taken advantage of by women, and often even by men, for there are many professional divers who, for a trifling sum, are willing to undergo the stifling contest.

Preparations are now made: the articles staked are brought down and placed on the bank; each party lights a fire, at which to recover their champion, should he be nearly drowned; and each provides a roughly constructed grating for him to stand on, and a pole to be thrust into the mud for him to hold by. The gratings are then placed in the river within a few yards of each other, where the water is deep enough to reach to the middle; the poles are thrust firmly into the mud; and the champions, each on his own grating grasping his pole, and surrounded by his friends, plunge their heads simultaneously under water. Immediately the spectators chant aloud at the top of their voices the mystic, and perhaps once intelligible word *lobön-lobön*, which they continue repeating during the whole contest. When at length one of the champions shews signs of yielding, his friends, with the laudable desire of preventing his being worsted, hold his head forcibly under water. The excitement is now great; *lobön-lobön* increases in intensity, and redoubles in rapidity; the shouts become yells, and the struggles of the unhappy victim, who is fast becoming asphyxied, are painful to witness. At length, nature can endure no more; he drops senseless in the water, and is dragged ashore, apparently lifeless, by his companions; while the friends of his opponent, raising one loud and prolonged note of triumph, hurry to the bank, and seize and carry off the stakes. All this, however, is unknown to the unhappy vanquished, who, pallid and senseless, hangs in the arms of his friends, by whom his face is plastered with mud, in order to restore animation. In a few minutes, respiration returns; he opens his eyes, gazes wildly around, and in a short time is perhaps able to walk home. Next day, he is in a high state of fever, and has all the other symptoms of a man recovering from apparent death by drowning. The result of the trial, whatever it be, is regarded as the verdict of a higher power, and is never questioned. Even in cases where the loser knows he is right—when, for example, a man is unjustly accused of theft, and conscious of innocence, appeals to the ordeal, and loses his cause—he never thinks of blaming the decision, but attributes his defeat to some sin, for which the superior powers are now inflicting punishment.

I may here mention a method of divination employed by the *malos*, or tinkers, of Borneo, a race who, from their skill in working metals, travel and are welcomed almost everywhere, and by whom—for they are the most superstitious race with whom we have come in contact—are told stories wild as any in the *Arabian Nights*. In a case of theft which happened at Banting, suspicion was divided among three persons, and the principal malo man of the place, by name Ramba, undertook to discover which of them was the culprit. For this purpose, he took three bamboos, partially filled with water, and, assigning one to each of the suspected persons, arranged them round a fire with mystic rites and barbaric spells, in the full belief that the bamboo assigned to the culprit would be the first to eject a portion of its contents by ebullition. One of them at length did so, and it so happened that it was the bamboo assigned to him against whom the little evidence that could be collected bore hardest. Shortly afterwards, another also boiled over, while the third would not do so at all. The possessor of the first was accordingly declared by Ramba to be the culprit, while the possessor of the last was declared to be certainly innocent. Fortunately for the credit of the Dyaks, they would not act upon the information thus obtained; and unfortunately for the credit of the diviner, it was afterwards discovered that he whose bamboo would not boil over was the thief.

Next to the chiefs, the most important class among the Dyaks are the *mannangs*, who combine the functions of doctor and priest, and who are in great request in

all cases of public or private calamity or rejoicing. They are composed of both sexes, some of the males being dressed as women—an innocent relic of some forgotten custom. Mannangs marry and work at their boats, houses, and farms, in all respects like other Dyaks, from whom they would be undistinguishable, except when employed on important occasions for their services, for which they are paid. Many of the candidates for admission into the fraternity are blind, and choose it as a profession; while others are tempted by ambition. Mannangs, however, are not held in much respect; they are looked upon in a great measure as a set of pretenders, whose principal object is to extract money from those who employ them; and are regarded as the degenerate descendants of a former race of powerful ghost-expellers, soul-compellers, prophets, priests, and healers of bodily ailments, whose mantles have not fallen upon their successors.

I cannot describe from my own knowledge the manner of making a mannang, as I purposely avoided witnessing it, but I believe the ceremony to be as follows: A number of mannangs assemble at the house of the candidate's father, and seating themselves in a circle, with the candidate in the centre, one of them begins a low monotonous and dreary chant, which it is most dismal and irritating to be compelled to listen to, while the rest at stated intervals join in chorus. This portion of the ceremony takes place in the presence of a large number of spectators, who on its conclusion are excluded from the room, and the subsequent initiatory rites are performed in private. The door is shut, the apartment is darkened, and a solemn silence prevails; a fowl is sacrificed, and its blood sprinkled around the room. The head of the candidate is 'split open' with a sword, in order that his brain may be cleansed from that obtuseness which, in the generality of mankind, precludes the knowledge of future events. Gold is placed in his eyes, to enable him to see the spirits; hooks are inserted into his fingers, to enable him to extract, from the bodies of the sick, fish-bones, stones, and other foreign substances; and his senses generally are in like manner supernaturally strengthened. He then emerges a perfect mannang; and in order to complete his education, requires only to be taught the tricks and chants of the brotherhood.

The custom the Dyaks have of head-hunting has been frequently mentioned; but I am not aware that any account has as yet been given of the ceremonial attending the capture and storing up of the trophy. When a head has been taken, the brains are removed, and the eyeballs punctured with a parang, so as to allow their fluid contents to escape. If the boat in which the fortunate captor sails is one of a large fleet, no demonstrations of success are made, lest it should excite the cupidity of some chief; but, if she has gone out alone, or accompanied only by a few others, she is decorated with the young leaves of the nipu palm. These leaves, when unopened, are of a pale straw colour, and, when cut, their leaflets are separated and tied in bunches on numerous poles, which are stuck up all over the boat. At a little distance, they present the appearance of gigantic heads of corn projecting above the awning of the boat, and amongst them numerous gay-coloured flags and streamers wave in the breeze. Thus adorned, the boat returns in triumph; and the yells of her crew, and the beating of their gongs, inform each friendly house they pass of the successful result of their foray. The din is redoubled as they approach their own house. The shouts are taken up and repeated on shore. The excitement spreads: the shrill yells of the women mingle with the hoarser cries of the men, the gongs in the house respond to those in the boat, and all hurry to the wharf to greet the victors. Then there is the buzz of meeting, the eager question,

the boastful answer, the shout, the laugh, the pride of triumph; and the gallant warriors become the cynosure of every eye—the envy of their equals, the admiration of the fair. When the excitement has in some degree subsided, the crew, leaving some of their number in the boat, go up to the house, where a plentiful supply of siri, pinang, and tobacco are produced, and over these Dyak cheerers of the social hour, the event is related and discussed in all its breadth and bearings. At length they prepare to bring the trophy to the house. A long bamboo is procured, and its lower joint split into several pieces, which are then opened out and wrought by means of rattans into a sort of basket. Into this basket the head is put, and is carried by the chief man in the boat from the wharf to the house, in the doorway of which, and at the head of the ladder, the principal woman of the house stands to receive it. The bearer, standing below, presents it to her, and as she endeavours to take it, withdraws it: he again presents, and again withdraws it, till, at the seventh time, he allows her to obtain it. Thence she carries it to the bundle of skulls which hang in the open gallery, and it is there deposited along with the rest. As night approaches, preparations are made for drying, or rather roasting it. A fire is lighted in a little shed outside the house; the head is suspended close above the flames; and when it has been dried to satisfaction—that is, well smoked and partially scorched—it is taken back and redeposited in the bundle, to remain there till it is feasted. 'And what becomes of the flesh?' I asked of an old warrior, who was displaying to me a recently captured head, to which the scorched and shrivelled integuments still adhered, while from the earlier skulls all trace of flesh had long since disappeared. With the utmost nonchalance the savage replied: 'The rats eat it.'

In the meantime, friends, chiefly the young of both sexes, resort to the house to congratulate the successful warriors. Siri and pinang, the never-failing accompaniments of a Dyak meeting, are produced in great quantities; the gongs and drums are beaten throughout the whole night; and the victors, amid scenes of gaiety and sport, rejoice in the admiring envy of the youths, and bask in the smiles of the fair. During the few succeeding days, feasting proceeds to a certain extent, and a basket of offerings to the spirits is suspended on the top of the house; but the grand entertainment is delayed till an abundant harvest should enable them to celebrate the head-feast in a manner suited to the dignity of the occasion.

For this important event, which frequently does not take place for two or three years after the head has been taken, preparations are made some weeks previously. Large stores of cakes and sweetmeats are provided, and many jars of tuak, or native beer, are prepared; much siri, pinang, and tobacco collected, and every preparation made for an extensive display of hospitality. On the morning of the appointed day, the guests, dressed in their best, and ornamented with all their barbaric finery, begin to assemble, and rarely, except on such occasions as these, are their savage ornaments seen. Such, at least, is the case among the Balos, a tribe who are in a sort of transition state between ancient barbarism and modern civilisation, and whose young men would now on ordinary occasions be ashamed to appear in those fantastic ornaments, which a few years ago were the delight of their hearts. I cannot say they have gained much in appearance by the change. A handsome savage, in his embroidered chawat, and pure white armlets shining on his dusky arms with his brass-wire bracelets, his variegated head-dress of blue, white, and red, hung with shells, or adorned with the crimsoned hair of his enemies, and surmounted by the feathers of the argus pheasant, or by some artificial plume of

his own invention, girt with his ornamented sword, and bearing in his hand a tall spear, as with free step he treads his native wilds, is a sight worthy of a painter. The same individual, clothed in a pair of dirty ragged trousers, with perhaps a venerable and well-worn shooting-jacket, the gift of some liberal European, suggests ideas of anything but the picturesque or the beautiful. Many of them, however, have adopted the Malay costume, which is both civilised and becoming.

But whatever costume they adopt, whether Dyak, Malay, or pseudo-European, all are clothed in the best garments they can procure; and they come in troops from the neighbouring houses to that in which the feast is to be held. As they arrive, eight or ten young men, each with a cup and a vessel of tuak, place themselves in a line inwards from the doorway, and as the company enter, they are presented by each of the tuak-bearers with a cup of the liquid. To drink is compulsory, and thus they all run the gauntlet of all the cups. As tuak is not a pleasant liquor to take in excess—the headache from it is tremendous—it is to the majority of them a penance rather than a pleasure, and many attempt, but in vain, to escape the infliction. In this manner the male guests assemble and seat themselves in the gallery, the chiefs being conducted to the place of honour in the middle of the building, and beneath the bundle of skulls. All the rooms are at the same time thrown open, and each family keeps free house for the entertainment of the female guests. These, as they arrive, enter and partake of the dainties that are provided for them; and many of the men being likewise invited to join them, the feast of reason and the flow of soul proceed as triumphantly as in similar cases in Europe. Cakes, sweetmeats, eggs, and fruit are produced, discussed, and washed down with tuak, and occasionally with a little arrack; while siri, pinang, gambier, and tobacco serve the purpose of devilled biscuits, to give zest and pungency to the substantial dessert. Conversation never for an instant flags; the laugh, the joke, the endless chatter, the broad banter, and the quick reply, pass unceasingly round the circle, and a glorious Babel of tongues astounds the visitor. Outside, in the gallery, the same scene is enacted, but with less animation than in the rooms, for, as there, the ladies form no part of the company—the assembly wants all its soul, and much of its life. The girls of the house, however, dressed in their gayest, and looking their best—'beautiful as stars,' a Dyak once told me—have formed themselves into a corps of waitresses, and hand round the viands to the assembled guests. As it is not according to Dyak etiquette to take a thing when first offered, the young ladies have it very much in their own power as to who shall be helped, and to what extent—a privilege which, I have been told, they are inclined to exercise with great partiality.

The mannangs, male and female, next take part in the ceremony. They congregate in the gallery, and seating themselves in a circle, one of them begins his dreary and monotonous chant, while the rest at stated intervals join in the chorus. They occasionally intermit their rhyme, in order to take a little refreshment; after which, another of the brotherhood takes the lead, and they continue their dismal monotone as before. After some time, each of them is furnished with a small plate of raw rice, dyed a bright saffron colour, holding which in their hands, they perambulate the crowded gallery, and, still continuing their chant, scatter the yellow grains over the seated multitude, 'for luck.'

In the meantime, the object of all this rejoicing, the captured head, hangs along with its fellows in the bundle almost unnoticed. In the morning, before any of the guests have assembled, some one has stuffed a half-rotten plantain into one eye, and fastened a piece

of cake and a little siri and pinang near (not into) its mouth. It is then replaced in the bundle, and no more notice taken of it throughout the whole feast, unless a few boys, warriors in embryo, occasionally advance to inspect it. It has been said by former writers that it is stuck upon a pole, and its mouth filled with choice morsels of food, but I never saw this done, nor did any Dyak whom I have questioned know anything of such a custom. As to the opinion that they endeavour to propitiate the souls of the slain, and get them to persuade their relatives to be killed also, or that the courage of the slain is transferred to the slayer—I am inclined to think that these are ideas devised by Malays, for the satisfaction of inquiring whites, who, as they would not be satisfied till they had reasons for everything they saw, got them specially invented for their own use.

Offerings, however, are made to the superior powers. A pig has been killed early in the morning, and its entrails inspected to furnish omens, while its carcass afterwards serves as materials for a feast. Baskets of food and siri are hung up as offerings to the spirits and to the birds of omen; among which latter, the *burong Penyalu*, or rhinoceros hornbill, is reckoned especially the bird of the spirits. The grand event of the day, however, is the erection of lofty poles, each surmounted by a wooden figure of the *burong Penyalu*, which is placed there 'to peck at their foes.' These figures are rather conventional representations than imitations of nature, and do not convey a very exact idea of the bird they are intended to represent. Eight or ten such posts are erected, a fowl being sacrificed upon each; and about half-way up the largest, which is erected first, a basket of fruit, cakes, and siri is suspended, as an offering to the spirits.

Meanwhile, those who remain in the house still continue the feast, and those who have been engaged in erecting the posts, return to it as soon as their labour is finished. The festivities are prolonged far on into the night, and they are resumed and continued, though with abated vigour, during the two following days.

The Dyaks are a comparatively sober people; they spend neither money nor goods upon the indulgence of drinking; and now, that their constant fighting is put a stop to, and the destruction of each other's property thus prevented, I think it very likely that many of them may rise to considerable wealth; and that they may ultimately become a more important social body even than the Malays. The life of a Malay is a succession of expedients. If he can meet a temporary want by a temporary contrivance, he is satisfied, and contentedly allows each day to bring its own necessities and its own supplies. But it is not so with the Dyaks; they are much more provident, and seldom hesitate to undertake a little present trouble for the sake of a future reward.

SWISS RIFLES.

'Book you a place to Soleure, sir?' said the waiter of the *Sauvage* at Basle; 'you had better see the Grand Federal Shooting-match, sir.' 'I haven't time,' I replied; 'I'm going to Bienne by the Munsterthal.'

And so, early the next morning, I set off. Of all the pleasant things in the world, commend me to the beginning of a pedestrian tour. Alone and unencumbered, with the unknown land gleaming in front, how thoroughly you enjoy everything!—how you revel in sights and sounds that have no power to charm the luggage-depressed or bore-companioned man!—how you pity the individual whom yonder dust-storm with a post-chaise inside is sweeping along!—and what a reef is taken in at once in the sails of your spirits, if you find you have lost the way!

Such a discovery did I make when I sat down at a doubtful point and consulted 'Keller,' that faithful

map and friend, with whom then first began an acquaintance which soon ripened into intimacy—whose back is somewhat bent with toil now, and whose colour has somewhat deepened as time has passed, but with whom I would not part for many times his intrinsic value. How many associations are there connected with every line in his features!—that thumb-mark on the Bernese Oberland is the only relic I have of my old companion Gramper; and I never look at that smudge in the middle of the Lake of Geneva, without having recalled to me—at second-hand, as it were, through the remembrance of a picnic—that dark-eyed English girl, whose grave I went to see this year at Lausanne.

I had gone out of Basle by the wrong gate, and as I could not think of returning, there was nothing for it but to walk on to Balsthal, and next day proceed to Soleure. This I did accordingly; taking advantage of the diligence to forward my at first loved, then disliked, and finally detested knapsack. Carrying one's luggage in Switzerland is a great mistake; a small parcel goes all over the country for threepence, and a moderate carpet-bag for about as many francs. And it is wonderful what a difference in one's happiness a few pounds-weight will make; an additional coat will often veil the whole beauty of a mountain-range, and an extra pair of shoes walk off with one's good-humour for a week. It is just the same with one's bill, the items of which all day dog the traveller's steps: the monotony of last night's charges dwarfs the magnitude of this morning's mountains; that everlasting wax-candle fills up the yawning defile, and the clamour of the waiter silences the thunders of the avalanche.

With the early morning I leave Balsthal for Soleure. The road soon becomes enlivened with groups of holiday-makers bound for the shooting. Everything and everybody speaks of the festivities ahead. Every village has erected a triumphal arch, gay with banners, ribbons, and flowers. Here, arriving travellers are greeted by inscriptions of welcome; on the other side, the departing guest is wished a happy journey, and a joyful return home. Everywhere shine the great words 'Brotherhood' and 'Fatherland.' They serve as an overture to the coming drama; suggestive of old Swiss history, and old songs of the people.

As we draw nearer to the town, the road becomes gayer and gayer. Every one is in good-humour; the sun shines brightly; the sky is cloudless; there is no fear of the 'Sundayrie' being spoiled to-day. Here goes a troop of walkers, a score or so keeping company—the sum-total of the inhabitants of that cluster of cottages up yonder, at the end of the car-way from which our friends have just issued on the road. How the full white sleeves of the women shine, in contrast with their short black bodices! At a distance, they look for all the world like great cabbage butterflies—white wings and black bodies. And how strange a fat little old woman appears when got up in this style! Now dashes by a troop of riders, mounted on rough little ponies, strong and lively; and every now and then there rattles past a singular conveyance, made to all appearance by setting a plank on wheels; forming sides out of a couple of ladders, and filling their interstices with small trees, foliage, and flowers. This rustic kind of open omnibus conveys a dozen Bernese maidens, escorted by a gentleman in his shirt-sleeves, perched upon the shafts. It has a very pretty effect, looking something like an elongated fire-engine, womaned by ballet-dancers, and conducted by William Tell. Now one after another jog a dozen of the regular country gigs, steady-going vehicles; so English farmer-like is a man driving, that you expect to see Mrs Farmer by his side, and are almost shocked when you do see him accompanied by a lady in an all-round straw hat, coquettishly adorned with flowers, a black velvet pair of stays laden with silver chains, short

skirts, and any amount of linen-drapery. He really would look as if he were running away with an opera-dancer, if he would only go a little quicker.

The sun has climbed high up in the sky; there was not a breath of wind, and the few clouds within sight appeared to be too lazy to move. The far-off hills became indistinct, and down in the valley the air grew hotter and hotter, and the dark firs and the gray castle-walls, and the green fields and the long white stripe of road, appeared to swim and dance to and fro. The dust was all but intolerable; irritated by the perpetual assaults on its repose, it revenged itself on the innocent pedestrian—filled up his eyes, tickled his nostrils, and rushed into his throat. Every other minute, a gigantic horsefly settled on his hand or face, or thinly protected leg: in an instant, he felt as if a pitchfork had been stuck into him, and perceived his best blood rushing into the animated cupping-glass. The assassin was slain on the spot; but that was little consolation.

Fortunately, there was no lack of water, or the heat would have been unendurable; every hamlet had its fountain—clear, cold water purling out of the long metal spout into a trough of wood or stone, splashing away on these broiling days with a most grateful music, ever seeming to say: 'It is so hot, so hot! and I am so cool, so cool, so cool, so cool!'

Here we are at length in the town. The streets swarm with people; the space outside the walls accommodates a fair. Here are the dear old yellow houses on wheels so familiar to our infancy—here, as at home, the abodes of nomade giants, and peripatetic dwarfs, and circulating monsters, each a sort of fairy domain or unknown Nile-watered region. Trumpets are blowing, drums are beating, Columbine is dancing, and Jack-pudding is playing tricks exactly as they do in England. Fairs all over civilised Europe seem to be pretty much the same. You recognise here at Soleure the pig-faced lady whose horrors froze your blood at Greenwich; that forty-six inch Polish count has not altered a bit since you saw him at Paris; but his friend, the tall Goliath von Gadabout, is perceptibly weaker in the knees. Alas! the showman's wife looks sadder than ever: poor thing! even the constant society of a giant and a nobleman will not render life utterly destitute of cares.

But let us proceed. Shall we revolve on that merry-go-round, or witness the siege of Sebastopol? or indulge in the recreation of having a tooth drawn by that sharp-eyed Italian? Why is it that people so much enjoy a joke connected with that most abominable of operations? Every visitor to Paris has seen the polite gentleman who migrates from place to place in a vehicle half-way between the lord-mayor's coach and a fire-engine—locates himself for a time in a favourable neighbourhood—plays a tune on the piano, calls on his gorgeous footman to sound a trumpet, and then displays to the crowd a series of odontological pictures, gravely, much with the air of the P. R. A. conducting august visitors on the private view-day—pictures representing the agonies of a patient in the hands of a bungling dentist, who tugs and tugs—now in front, now behind—now above, now below: now they are both on tiptoe, now they writhe in close embrace, now they are down together. Last scene in this eventful history—the patient's head comes off, and the extractor is hauled to instant execution by the hands of indignant justice. Something of this kind was exhibited at Soleure, but it did not produce much effect. Except on canvas, there were no drawings of teeth.

But if the Swiss have good jaws, they must surely have very bad eyes. Spectacles here, spectacles there, spectacles everywhere—white, blue, green; glass, pebble, wire. Intelligent traveller, jot down this fact in your note-book; it will afford a subject for an

inquiry into the effect of mountain air and snow-water on the sight. Not being familiar with any but your native tongue, you will probably not discover that the glasses are for the marksmen, who may now be heard thundering away incessantly. Let us go and see them. Come this way, up this road, under this arch, and we are in the precinct sacred to the rifle.

A piece of ground, about as large as a good cricket-field, was surrounded by a low wall. On entering, you saw before you two wooden buildings, something like the stands on a race-course. The left-hand one is the shooting-station; that on the right hand is devoted to the purposes of conviviality. The clock is just striking half-past twelve, and dinner is on the point of commencing. Two rows of plain deal-tables, with benches to match, run the whole length of the building; each table has a board affixed to it, on which is displayed the name of one of the cantons: each district having a space reserved for its representatives at dinner, as well as in the shooting-house.

Now came the diners—men and women all in holiday array and high spirits; specimens of Swiss nationality from every part of the republic. Every valley and lake and mountain was represented here; and as we roamed from table to table, we noted the characteristics of each locality, not only the varieties of costume, though these are never seen elsewhere to such advantage, but also those of feature, speech, and custom. Here were semi-Parisian Swiss from Geneva, voluble talkers of doubtful French, and much more fashionably got-up than their comrades; slow, round-faced Teutonic Swiss from the banks of the Rhine; and dark-eyed, lithe Italian Swiss, whose homes look down upon the Lago Maggiore: men of different races, of different creeds, of different tongues, but all united in the love of freedom and the fatherland.

Many travellers, or rather tourists, passing hastily through Switzerland on their way to Italy, or sauntering wearily from sight to sight, speak scornful words of the Swiss, and set them down as a nation of grasping, unpatriotic extortioners. They compare the men with the mountains, greatly to the disadvantage of the former; and declare that the race of other days is extinct, and that an invader of the country would no longer meet with any opposition worth speaking of. The affair of Neufchâtel has afforded the best contradiction to these charges. No one can any longer affirm that the Swiss love their money dearer than their country. The call to arms has again, as in olden times, resounded along the rushing Rhine, across the dark waters of the lake of the forest cantons, and amidst the icy peaks of the Oberland, and the reply has been as hearty as ever it was. While such is the spirit of the people, the liberties of the country rest secure, and our children's children may be able 'to see the cantons dine together.'

Shooting recommenced at two o'clock. The tide of life ebbed from the dinner-table, and flowed into the 'grand stand.' The lower part of this building was divided into a series of compartments—one to each canton. Others were appropriated to the use of members of the great Swiss Shooting Society. The chief division bore the title, 'Vaterland,' and was generally the centre of attraction. The targets were placed in a row parallel to the stand, about two hundred yards distant from it, and about five yards apart one from another. Wooden screens were so arranged that each shooter could see only the target at which he aimed, while the whole row was visible to the spectators in the gallery that formed the upper story of the building. Whenever a 'palpable hit' was made, the target sunk into the depths of the earth, where the marker examined the wound, and telegraphed to the umpire the numerical value of the shot. The shooter received a ticket bearing the number, which he straightway stuck in his hat.

The practised shots bring their own rifles, and as they are sure to be members of the society, they usually prefer the large compartment. Any one is at liberty to shoot, but only members can carry off the prizes. The rules allow any foreigner who has resided six months in Switzerland to join the society, and Lord Vernon not long ago won the chief prize. There is no lack of rifles for those who wish to shoot; the charge is threepence a shot, and a trifle at the end to the loader. It is no easy matter, however, to use these Swiss rifles; they weigh about sixteen pounds, their barrels being about half an inch thick at the muzzle, and they have such hair-triggers that, as their owners themselves say, a wink will set them off.

Here are a couple of tourists, evidently Cockneys, about to shew off. The English have a reputation abroad as sportsmen, so our two compatriots soon become 'the cynosure of neighbouring eyes.' Young Geneva pauses in its career to watch the proceedings of the islanders who have invaded its domain. 'Genf,' remarks one of these gentlemen to the other; 'Arry, what's the meaning of Genf?' 'Don't know, I'm sure,' replies his friend. 'Never mind. Quel est le dommage pour un— What's the French for shot? Combien chargez vous?' Fortunately an interpreter arrives, and the Briton relapses into his vernacular. 'Careful, eh!—d'ye suppose I can't shoot. Give us hold.' The muzzle of the rifle rises slowly from the ground, wavering on its course in such an uncomfortable way, that the bystanders beat a precipitate retreat, and before 'Arry' has brought the sight to bear on the target, an unlucky touch on the trigger lets the gun off. The tourist is almost knocked down by the recoil, the bullet flies singing cheerily over the field, and the reputation of the English as good shots suffers an eclipse. 'They may well call them air-triggers; a puff of wind would set them going any day,' says the discomfited 'Arry,' as he quits the spot with his friend. 'I vote this precious dull sport; let's cut it, say I.' And they retire, much to the relief of their neighbours, who are able to recommence operations in safety.

Presently the storm of popping lulled, and a procession formed to the sound of martial music. First came a fantastic individual, clad in a gold-laced scarlet coat, and wearing a sort of huntsman's cap. He led the way with wild gestures, bounds, and exclamations, much with the air of a cannibal conducting victims to the stake. Behind him marched the musicians; then came the markers from their posts in the trenches, one from each canton. Behind them went the winners of prizes, walking two and two; mostly mountaineers—steady-looking, gamekeeper-like, middle-aged men—after them flocked the populace. We were carried away in the stream, and after a while came to a stand-still in front of a pagoda-like building at the summit of a gentle slope. Here the prizes were on view. There were plenty of them, and of all kinds, from a five-franc powder-horn to the gem of the present meeting, which was a present from the Swiss in California. It was simple and valuable, consisting of a number of twenty-franc pieces formed of Californian gold, and arranged in the figure of the letter S. It is very pleasant to see so many presents from the Swiss in foreign lands; however distant they may be, they take an honest pride in contributing some token of their affection. The procession returned to the stand, and the shooting recommenced. For three days, it will continue with little variation, ceasing only at meal-times and at the approach of night. So far as I am concerned, I begin to feel somewhat wearied of the din, and am glad to retire for a while to the hospitable *Couronne*. The house is gay with decorations, and full of guests; the peasantry and *voituriers* throng the lower rooms; the aristocracy of the cantons dine up stairs; the streets are more full than ever; and the

scene is so gay, so romantic, the costumes so strange, the deep-caved, flower-wreathed houses so picturesque, that the weary traveller, half-dozing in the comfortable bow-window of the inn, may easily fancy himself at the opera, and expect every moment to hear the entire band join in a grand chorus.

The day is drawing to a close; the sunlight deserts the plashing fountains in front of the church, through whose open doors one can see the lights twinkling at the end of the cool and shadowy aisles. A parting glow suffuses the old Roman clock-tower, and gilds the leaves of the trees which overhang the ramparts. The visitors begin to depart. Gig after gig rattles out of the courtyard; carts full of merry girls jolt away over the rough pavement, amidst a storm of adieux. Here and there towers the elephantine bulk of an omnibus bound for Bern; I bargain for a lift with a *voiturier*, and away we go. At first, the road is all alive with walkers, riders, and drivers, but they gradually fall off, and at last we are alone. The sun has set, and the evening-star trembles in the sky as we reach the summit of a hill; the *voiturier* points with his whip far away over the plain; and there at last are the Alps! like faint rose-coloured stains on the pale-green sky; a little further, and there lies Bern beneath us in the embrace of the Aar. So ends a pleasant day: one may often gain a good deal by judiciously losing his way.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

For a time the eager anticipations of success in laying the telegraph-cable across the Atlantic have been disappointed; not by any hindrance which amounts to impossibility, but by an accident which we are assured may be avoided on a future occasion. The experience, however, is costly. We have heard that the breaking of the cable may in part be attributed to the haste with which it was manufactured. Be this as it may, the projectors look on ultimate success as certain; and have—if we are not misinformed—made up their minds to try again in October. The Atlantic is said to be tolerably placid during that month, after getting rid of its ill-humour in the gales of the equinox. We sincerely hope that Neptune and all his blusterers will be content to lie quiet for about a fortnight. We hear, however, at the last moment, that the cable will be used for a line to India, and a new one made for the Atlantic, to be laid next year.

The meeting of the British Association at Dublin has gone off satisfactorily, having attracted thither no small number of savans, British and foreign. The reports made on the subjects specially selected for investigation testify to the fact of advancement in science. As the president, Dr Lloyd, remarked, in his opening address, the progress made since the Association met in the Irish metropolis twenty-two years ago, is such as would at that time have been judged impossible. Himself a first-rate cultivator of several branches of physical science, he sketched ably and clearly the advances of astronomy from the discovery of the little planet *Atalanta*, four miles in diameter, to the researches into the physical constitution of the sun, and its sources of light and heat. He mentioned the important and highly refined discoveries by which the undulatory theory of light has been confirmed; and those which shew that heat is convertible into mechanical power, and *vice versa*. The latter question is one involving applications and consequences of which it is as yet impossible to foresee all the value; but it exceeds all others in richness of promise for mechanical science. Geology, chemistry, and terrestrial magnetism were also noticed; and the reports and papers read in the subsequent business of the

meeting fully maintained the spirit inspired by the excellent president's address.

Bad news again from Africa. Dr Barth lived to come home and write three large volumes about his travels and adventures; but Dr Vogel, who followed him, and whose progress we have from time to time noticed, was beheaded at Wara by order of the sultan of the country. By this deplorable murder, the hopes of science and commerce are alike frustrated; and the doctor was not the only victim; for his companion, Corporal Maguire, while returning to the north with the papers and instruments, was murdered near Kuka by the Tuaricks. These calamities make Dr Livingstone's adventures appear still more remarkable, and help to confirm the notion, that by the great rivers the interior of Africa may be most safely explored. Apropos of Dr Livingstone, his book is not to be published till November.

An answer to the cotton question has come from Mexico, where, it appears, the cotton-plant grows wild and of excellent quality. With cultivation, says the report, any quantity may be produced, for the climate is favourable. If the unlucky Mexican bondholders would bestir themselves in the matter, they might perhaps get their long-standing claims satisfied in cotton.—Concerning the silk question, M. Guérin Meneville shews that the disease among silk-worms is caused by a disease to which, as he has now ascertained, mulberry-trees are periodically liable. Cure one and you cure the other.

M. Mathieu de la Drôme has published a scientific report, in which he states that careful study of the sixty years' observations made at Geneva and the Great St Bernard, has rendered him weather-wise, and that he can tell beforehand what the weather will be. We have not yet seen his data or the conclusions drawn from them; but when they come before us, our readers shall have the benefit of the information.—One fact is certain: the weather this summer has puzzled and astonished meteorologists: so high a degree of heat with so long a continuance of dry weather has not been known for nearly half a century. And the rain, when it did come, was attended by phenomena much more common in the tropics than in our temperate zone. Sudden floods of unusual height rushed through some of the northern counties. At several places, more than three inches of rain fell in three hours! a quantity most extraordinary. The average rain-fall for the whole year is about twenty-four inches; and here we have one-eighth of that quantity in one hundred and eighty minutes! In Devonshire, on the contrary, scarcely a shower fell for three months, and the landscapes of that usually green county looked all brown and scorched. An observer in the camp at Aldershot noted a thousand flashes of lightning in an hour; in Ireland, seven persons lost their lives by thunder-storms in one day; and in Germany, the season has been marked by the appearance of numerous blue, crimson, and yellow meteors. In the United States, also, fearful storms have prevailed, attended by fatal consequences. Fifteen persons were killed by lightning in one week in Ohio. With such weather in Europe and America, it is the more remarkable to hear that at Bombay they are 'alarmingly short of rain.' In all respects, the summer of 1857 will be an interesting study for the Meteorological Society.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences at Toulouse offer a prize—a gold medal—for *Researches on Atmospheric Electricity*, in which are to be embodied a discussion of the observations from which the existence of atmospheric electricity is deduced; to determine the sources of this electricity; to shew what influences are produced thereby on the physical constitution of clouds, particularly as regards the formation of hail. Here is an interesting inquiry: if trustworthy answer can be given, the advantages will be manifold.

The Board of Trade have published a quarto of nearly two hundred pages, entitled *First Number of Meteorological Papers*, which, as one of the earliest instalments from the great oceanic survey, must be regarded as a highly promising commencement. It contains reports and tables of weather from various parts of the world, besides wind-charts for the great oceans, among which is a large one called a 'first approximation' towards illustrating that disastrous storm in the Black Sea in November 1854. The volume is to be freely distributed. Admiral Fitz Roy, under whose superintendence it has been brought out, says: 'Numerous scientific journals and registers kept on board her Majesty's surveying and exploring ships contain information in manuscript well worth circulating among those to whom it is of value. Scarcely a log-book has been examined in this office in which remarkable occurrences have not been noted for extraction with a view to publication . . . and some are rendered interesting as well as valuable, independently of statistical details, by remarks which recall to mind the writings of Dampier, Cook, or Flinders. It would indeed be ill-judged economy to consign such observations to the shelf, instead of placing them speedily within the reach of inexperienced men just commencing their sea responsibilities.' We publish this statement because the survey is a work in which the nation at large is interested, seeing that its main object is to facilitate navigation and lessen its dangers.

The last *Proceedings of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society* contains certain communications worth making known to other than professional readers. In one, Dr H. Bence Jones gives an account of a lady, who, while walking across her bedroom, felt a sudden pain in her great toe, which was supposed to be caused by the penetration of a broken needle. The pain was great, but nothing could be seen, and an attempt at discovery was made. A small piece broken from a fine sewing-needle magnetised was attached to the end of a filament of cocoon silk, and with this the toe was explored. The signs of a needle buried in the flesh were, however, not very positive, and recourse was had to a bar horseshoe magnet for the purpose of inducing magnetism in the piece within the toe. Now, the indications of the feeler, as it may be called, shewed plainly that such a piece was buried, its position, and gave also a notion of its length. Once informed on these points, the operator had no difficulty in extracting the hurtful fragment of steel. By exploration, a needle might be discovered in any other part of the limbs or body; but great care and knowledge of magnetic phenomena are essential to success.

Dr Pidduck, in a communication *On Dietetic Medicine*, shews that the vital principle, if proper means are supplied, is safer to rely on than mechanical appliances. The weakly and undersized growth of many who live in large towns, arises from improper diet. Other things being equal, a growing child fed on brown bread will have larger and stronger bones than one fed on white bread. The insufficiency of white bread, moreover, becomes prejudicial when alum is an ingredient. Here we let the doctor speak for himself:

'Acting upon the design,' he says, 'of supplying the vital principle with the materials to strengthen, and, as a consequence, to straighten the bones, I procured a large quantity of ivory turnings, and had them deprived of gelatine by long boiling, and dried, that the bone-earth phosphate set at liberty might be more easily acted upon and readily dissolved by the acid in the stomach. To this bone-earth phosphate was added a fourth part of the saccharine carbonate of iron, and flour, butter, ginger, and treacle in proper proportions to form gingerbread-nuts; each nut, containing twenty grains of the bone-earth phosphate, and five grains of the saccharine carbonate of iron, was a dose, of which one was given twice a day.'

The doctor administered these nuts to girls afflicted with curvature of the spine in a 'school for servants,' and with the happiest effects; and has treated a sufficient number of cases satisfactorily 'by this alimentary method, to justify the conclusion, that the vital principle, duly supplied with the proper materials, is able to cure all cases of laterad, sternad, and dorsad curvature in growing children—not arising from caries of the vertebrae—without mechanical appliances; and that those appliances are a hinderance rather than a help, by diminishing muscular exertion, and, as a consequence, weakening muscular power.'

The doctor brings forward the case of a young lady of sixteen, who, after three months' treatment, had almost lost her 'spinal deviations,' and pursues: 'I am extremely desirous of directing the attention of orthopaedic surgeons to this mode of treatment, because into their hands the greater number of cases of spinal curvature fall; assured that if medicinal were entirely to supersede mechanical means, the result, in most cases, would be much more satisfactory. In cases of delayed dentition, the growth of the teeth is promoted, and they are speedily protruded through the gum, under a course of the bone-earth phosphate. It might very probably be administered with success in cases of false joint from un-united fracture of the long bones, and in cases of rickets.'

It will surprise some readers to hear of iron in Ireland, but there, nevertheless, the mineral exists, in the mountains near Lough Allen, and with coal in the same range. The returns have of late been so encouraging, that the works at Arigna and Creevelea are increasing in activity. The ore contains sixty per cent. of iron, and the proprietors are exerting themselves to produce iron from their furnaces which shall equal the best qualities of English. Sir Robert Kane spoke truly when he shewed that the mineral deposits of Ireland had been too long neglected among her industrial resources.—But for long years to come, Cleveland—the north-eastern corner of Yorkshire—will yield more ironstone than any other part of the kingdom. The results there are already astonishing.

Mr Horner is still working at that important geological inquiry—the rate at which the valley of the Nile has been filled up by the annual inundations. The excavations and borings, specimens of which have been regularly forwarded to England, have brought to light some very remarkable facts, which will be made known in Mr Horner's next report. One of his objects is to ascertain whether the French geologists, in their scientific survey of Egypt, were correct in their conclusions as to the age of the alluvial deposits in the valley of the Nile, and the rate of their deposition. Abstruse as this inquiry may seem, it is intimately connected with the questions most interesting to all who think, as will by and by appear.

The *Curagoo* has arrived at Woolwich, having on board some ten or twelve tons of mosaics, sculptures, architectural remains, and such like, collected by the Rev. N. Davis, near Tunis, all of which are supposed to be relics of ancient Carthage. More specimens for our museums and schools of art.—The Admiralty have sent out a circular, requiring all commanders on service in the royal navy to make periodical returns of all the merchant-ships they speak at sea; giving the names, port of departure and destination, and the tonnage. These particulars can be communicated by means of four signal-flags, with which British registered vessels are provided, and foreigners may have them by applying at the Board of Trade. By this means the shipping-lists published at our various ports will be much more complete and trustworthy than at present, and every communication from a Queen's ship will increase the number, with benefit to merchants, and often with pleasure to those who have friends on the deep.

The material progress of the nation, as shewn by the reports of trade, is little less than amazing. The number of steamers in course of building at the principal yards in the kingdom is so great, that some of the chief builders have orders three years in advance. Our exports for the month of July amounted to £12,201,532; in the same month of last year they were £9,968,226. We find from a recently published blue-book that the total imports in 1856 were valued at £127,917,561; and the total of exports, £291,867,388. In the same year, 1855 ships—422,359 tons—were built; and the total number of registered vessels was 36,106, or 5,316,786 tons, employing 267,759 seamen.

Since the new reading-room was opened at the British Museum, the number of readers has doubled.—The South Kensington Museum continues to attract numerous visitors.—A project is now on foot for a great West-end railway-terminus, which when completed will be five times larger than that of the Great Western at Paddington. The basin of the Grosvenor Canal is to be the site: the canal is to be drained, and four lines of rails are to be laid down to connect all the metropolitan railways north and south of the Thames with the grand terminus. We only hope the scheme will be carried out by honest people.

MUSIC.

Music floating from the waters, ebbing through the valley slowly,

Music where the shattered torrent rises in a surge of hail,
Music where the bee returning cleaves some silent aisle—
glade holy,

Music where a maiden wanders singing softly through the vale.

Music in a roadside cottage, from the evening group assembled,

Children gathered round their elders, manhood, age,
and lisping child,
And the willing breeze, that near the door with wavering tone has trembled,

Bears away the psalm's last accents up the mountain pathway wild.

Music in the stately mansion, where the banquet proud is given,

Midst the portraits of ancestors, armour grim, and sword and shield,
And the music seems to wake to life foes that long since have striven,

And the prancing charger champs his rein across the conquered field.

Music where the blooming maiden, with sweet hope of summer standing,

Hears the minstrel of the village piping forth his native glee,
And the youth who meet together, in light groups of laughter standing,
Join the maidens dancing with them round the Fathers' old oak-tree.

Music where the child is asking its first accents of its mother,

Music where the mother stoopeth softly o'er the cradle dear;

Sweeter songs are on her lips than can be sung by any other,
Who hath also not been gladdened by a mother's sacred tear?

Music where the spirit only thinketh what it would to heaven,

Music in the student's labours, in the poet's early dream,
Music even in those sorrows unto which by nature given,
With the darkest currents mingling, flow sweet voices of life's stream.

E. F.

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